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WALHALLA, S. C.:

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1912.

**BORN WITH INITIALS ON EYES.**

John Dugan Was Named in Advance.  
"J" and "D" Are in Eyes.

Philadelphia, Sept. 5.—Physicians at the Jefferson Medical College are attempting to explain the phenomena of initials continually mirrored in the retina of the eyes of two-year-old John Dugan, of No. 1622 North Sixteenth street.

Mirrored in his eyes are two distinct letters of typographical design, each a quarter of an inch high. They are the initials of the name decided upon by the boy's parents before he was born. The name was John Dugan, the name the boy now bears. In the middle of John's right eye, as if imbedded in the iris by the hand of a fanatic master surgeon, is the print of the type "J." In the left eye is similarly set his other initial, "D."

John Dugan was expectantly awaited by his parents, and they decided upon his name before he was born. He is now more than two years old, and the initials are still there. They are even more plainly visible than they were when John was born. The child's eyesight is perfect and his health robust. His mind and conduct is normal.

**DIES AT AGE OF 110 YEARS.**

Ade Guyton Was Oldest Ex-Slave in the State at His Death.

(Anderson Mail.)

Ade Guyton, an ex-slave 110 years of age and the oldest person in the county, if not in the State, died on Tuesday at his home in the Lebanon vicinity. This old negro was a typical darkey of ante-bellum days, and though he had become very feeble, he still had a vivacious recollection of the pioneer days of the Union and appreciated the privilege which was his to live so many more years than the average of his kind. He had noted the wondrous growth of the country from the wild and untrodden forests to the steady growth of towns and cities. As was the case with the greater number of ante-bellum darkeys, he lived a straight and honest life and served his Creator the best he knew.

T. E. Parks, Murrayville, Ga., R. F. D. 1, is in his 73d year, and was recently cured of a bad kidney and bladder trouble. He says himself: "I have suffered with my kidneys. My back ached and I was annoyed with bladder irregularities. I can truthfully say one 50c. bottle of Foley Kidney Pills cured me entirely." They contain no habit-forming drugs.  
J. W. Bell.

**TRIBUTE OF RESPECT**  
To the Memory of James Seaborn, Master Mason.

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to call James Seaborn to the Celestial Lodge above; and,

Whereas, a faithful craftsman has ceased from his labors after serving long and well in the building of the Temple; and,

Whereas, we cherish his memory in our hearts while deploring his loss; therefore, be it resolved—

1. That in the death of Brother James Seaborn the Masonic Fraternity has lost one of its brightest ornaments, whose fidelity to duty and faithfulness to the order rendered his Masonic life worthy of the emulation of his brethren.

2. That in his death the State has lost a patriotic citizen, the Church a devoted member, and our county a public servant, whose discharge of duty fixed a high standard of life and conduct for those who come after him.

3. That we extend to the members of his bereaved family our sincere condolence.

4. That while Brother Seaborn held his legal, dual membership in our sister lodges at Pendleton and Fair Play, yet by his frequent visits and zealous labors in our lodge for the last twenty-five years, he contributed in large measure to the permanent growth of Masonry in our community, we deem it eminently fitting that a page in the archives of Blue Ridge Lodge, No. 92, A. F. M., be dedicated to his memory.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of our deceased brother, and to the county papers for publication.  
John A. Ansel,  
R. T. Jaynes,  
W. C. Hughes, Committee.

**PIONEER HISTORY OF  
THE ZACHARY FAMILY**

R. Y. Zachary, of Baltimore, Delivered Splendid Address at Annual Reunion on August 31st.

Following is the address delivered by R. Y. Zachary, of Baltimore, before the Col. John A. Zachary Association at its fourth annual meeting in Cashier's Valley, N. C., August 31, 1912. There are kindred and friends of this large and well known family over the States of South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia, many of them readers of The Courier, who will read with deep interest

**Mr. Zachary's Address.**

My Kinsmen: It affords me inexpressible pleasure, after the lapse of forty-two years, to meet here to-day so large a representation of the great Zachary family. Judging from the goodly number present, if all the members of the family, in all its numerous branches, were assembled, sure enough it would make Mr. Roosevelt's ideal American family look like two lost children in the woods.

I learned through Cousin John R. Zachary some three or four years ago that an effort was about to be made to form a "Col. John A. Zachary Association," but heard nothing of it subsequently until a few months past, when I was informed that such an organization had actually materialized; and I wish, in the outset, to pay a well-earned compliment to Cousin John R. Zachary and Cousin Ralph H. Zachary and Thos. Zachary, and to thank them, as well as all others who have been active in the formation of this association, and I am sure I can safely do so in the name of the organization. It was a most laudable work, and no little task to find the addresses of all the different branches of the family, scattered as they are over many States, to arouse their interest in the object to be attained and yearly bring together so large a representation. They are entitled to this acknowledgement of their intelligent and successful prosecution of the good work. It is eminently fit and proper that we should meet together at least once a year to shake hands in brotherly love and kinship—to encourage the living and to memorialize our dead.

The pleasure experienced on this occasion, however, like many other pleasures, is mingled more or less with sadness. It is so often the case, when I inquire about those whom I knew and loved in earlier days and the answer is made, "Dead! dead! dead!" that I feel very much as did Rip Van Winkle upon his revisit to the village of Falling Water after his twenty years' sleep.

I do not believe in living too much in the past, or in too frequent or morbid indulge in its sad reminiscences, but we cannot always "let the dead past bury its dead," for it can never do it—not so long as the lungs breathe or the heart beats. A too frequent brooding over the troubles and bereavements of the past engenders dissatisfaction in the present and gloomy forebodings for the future. We cannot too assiduously cultivate a feeling of contentment in a faithful performance of the duty of the hour and in looking hopefully and bravely to the future; and let us teach our children the grandeur in duty faithfully performed, and that the brave thing in life to do is to determine to overcome difficulties and not to shun them. We may overcome the most of them, but shun them all we never can.

Some years ago I stopped over Sunday in the city of Chicago, and moving out on the train the next morning for Cincinnati, I was glancing over a sermon delivered by an eminent divine the day before on a kindred subject. I was impressed by two little verses he quoted on "Contentment," in which that little bit of philosophy was very beautifully expressed:

"The world is wide  
In time and tide,  
And God is guide,  
So do not hurry.

"That man is blessed  
Who does his best,  
And leaves the rest—  
So do not worry."

Now, you may say the difficulty lies in its application, but it is well to remember that the most of the troubles of life are those that never come, and many of the greatest mountains that apparently obstruct our pathway are those we are never called upon to scale.

**The Zachary Family.**

But I desire to say something touching the earlier history of the Zachary family in the United States. According to information handed down to us by Col. John A. Zachary, we are originally descended from one of three shipwrecked brothers who were thrust upon the inhospitable shores of this country about the

year 1700, and a full confession would doubtless elicit the fact that many of us have been shipwrecked ever since. I shall not attempt to follow up and present such dates and facts as would constitute a consecutive history of our honored grandparents—Col. John A. and Sarah Zachary—whose sacred ashes lie on the hill hard by, and of their fourteen children, all of whom have now passed away, for all such data is already a part of the association's records. That they reared fourteen children until the youngest was grown without calling a doctor in on account of sickness, and that they lived to see grandchildren in fourteen families, are most remarkable facts; and each and every one of us here to-day has reason to felicitate himself that he is descended from so hardy a race. It was not the fad or fashion in those days to call in a doctor for every little cold or ailment; when a doctor was sent for some one was ill, if not in extremis; or possibly they thought, as has been said by another, that "doctors pour a lot of medicine of which they know little, for diseases of which they know less, into patients of whom they know nothing."

Our great-grandfather, Wm. Zachary—the son, as I understand, of one of the three shipwrecked English brothers, who arrived so unceremoniously upon these shores in 1700—was born October 22, 1750, and died November 14, 1829, at the advanced age of 79 years. When a young man he moved from Eastern Virginia to Surry county, this State, where our grandfather was born May 15, 1779.

Our grandfather and mother migrated from Surry county to this nameless valley in 1833—79 years ago—and long before that historic date "Cashier," for which the valley was named, had been folded, lost or found. They did not come in rubber-tired vehicles or automobiles, rolling over macadam roads, but with heroic fortitude, and with axe and hatchet, carved their way for many weary miles through a trackless wilderness until they reached this favored spot; and it was here, with the true spirit and indomitable will of the brave pioneer, they made for themselves a habitation and a home—two or three neighbors being the untutored savage and the beasts of the wild.

Among my earliest recollections was hearing grandfather tell, with menacing detail, about shooting a big panther on Chimney Top mountain just as he was crouching to spring upon him. The cat measured 9 feet and 6 inches from tip to tip. This, to my boyish imagination, was the greatest feat ever performed by man. It was here, in the pure mountain air of this beautiful valley, where malaria and sickness were unknown and where they were lords of all they surveyed, they lived their temperate, industrious and happy life, to which facts, no doubt, may be largely attributed their great longevity.

Seventy-nine years ago! A glance at the contemporary history of their time and a comparison with the conditions of to-day will show what a stupendous growth we have enjoyed, both as a nation and a State, within the life-time of the youngest of the fourteen children—Aunt Matilda—who has just recently passed away. The United States has grown in population from a few millions in 1833 to an hundred millions in 1912, and our increase in wealth mounts to many billions. The State of North Carolina has grown from a few thousand in their day to more than two and one-fourth millions. The rapid strides we have made in the arts and sciences, and in invention and discovery, have astounded the world. Our grandparents were of good old Quaker extraction and were among the best of the good old-fashioned people. They lived in the day of the tallow candle and other kindred conveniences. They knew little or nothing of what we call modern improvements.

A few months ago the publishers of the Popular Mechanics Magazine sent out 1,000 letters to eminent scientists and scholars in Europe and America, containing 56 subjects of scientific and mechanical achievement, requesting each one to send in his ballot for the seven he deemed greatest, and the following seven, in the order of the number of ballots received, were elected as the "Seven Modern Wonders of the World," viz.: Wireless, telephone, radium, antiseptics and antitoxins, spectrum analysis and X-ray. Now the point that I wish to call your attention to, and which shows the greatest advance made in scientific and mechanical achievement in the past 79 years, is that only four of the list of 56 were known 79 years ago, and

those only in their experimental stages.

Our grandparents were quite old before the railroads came near, so they never rode on a railroad train; they never sent or received a telegram; they would have ridiculed the idea of talking to one an hundred miles away; of making ice in the summer time or of storing away the human voice in a phonograph; they never saw an iron ship or an iron bridge, nor did they worry about germs and microbes and bacteria; they never saw a gang plow, a mowing machine or a steam power printing press; they never rode on a bicycle or in an elevator or biplane; they would have laughed at the thought of a flying machine or the wireless telegraph, and all they knew about automobiles was found in "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," where she predicted that the time would come when "Men in carriages without horses would ride." None of these inventions or discoveries formed a part of their quiet, happy life, so they knew nothing of the inconvenience of doing without them. We still hear people wishing for a return of the good old times, but the good new times of the twentieth century for me!

Grandfather, in his younger days, was a contractor and builder and took great pride in his mechanical and architectural skill and ability, but he was never called upon to build a ten-story fashionable apartment house or a steel frame skyscraper. He lived in a time of national peace, or when few soldiers were needed, but he imbibed no little of the military spirit of the times, and in 1818 he was commissioned captain of militia, and in 1823 was promoted to a colonelcy; hence he received his title of "Colonel" by promotion, and not by "absorption" as do many of the colonels of the present day. He was a great marksman, and target shooting for prizes was a popular sport in those days. He prided himself upon the fact that with his old-fashioned flint and steel rifle, and at a distance of an hundred yards, he could place a bullet as exactly on the center cross as you could put it there with your fingers. He knew nothing of machine guns, repeating rifles, or breech loaders, and when the percussion cap rifle was introduced he considered it a travesty beside his trusty flint and steel fowling-piece and would have none of it. With the former, and at the age of 75 years, he could shoot a squirrel's head off (he disdained shooting one through the body) nine times out of ten, and that was gun enough for him. Yes, when he was 75 years old his hand was as steady as that of any of you young people, and he wrote one of the most beautiful hands you ever saw. He could write, and did write, the Lord's Prayer with perfect legibility on the space of a silver dime. Such was the result of regular and temperate habits, which we would do well to emulate.

Grandmother was a woman of calm, far-seeing judgment and even-tempered sweetness of disposition. Her children never grew too old to come to her for counsel and advice; she had a heart full of Christian charity, the utmost sympathy for the weak and needy; they were never turned from her door without material aid and words of encouragement. Hers was not that brand of Christianity that wears a long face and always seems miserable, but the kind that fills the heart with joy and lights the face with effulgent beauty. She had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and on occasions would laugh with the enjoyable hilarity of a school girl. She would have Columbus and me get down on our all-fours, throw a hank of yarn over our heads and offer a prize to the one that pulled the other over a certain dead-line and she would hold her sides with laughter as the Titanic struggle went on. Columbus and I used to laugh at her for telling us to go to the spring for a bucket of water and to come back by the wood-pile and bring in a stick of wood. The joke consisted in the fact that the spring and wood-pile were in quite opposite directions. But in defense of both grandmother and myself, I must accuse him of having invented the story. She knew nothing of the power loom or cotton mill, but was cheerfully busy with the flax wheel and distaff, the spinning wheel and hand loom; she never enjoyed gas and electric lights, but kept her house bright and cheerful with the wood fire, the tallow candle and her own sweet smile. Think of the difficulties under which she brought up fourteen children. Any woman who brings up, as best she can, half that number deserves a crown in glory, where she wears one to-day.

Grandmother died before I left the valley, but it has been one of the saddest regrets of my life that I was not able to attend grandfather, as well as my own dear mother, in their last illness and receive their dying blessings, but under the circumstances it was practically impossible.

How I am carried back in memory, for more than fifty years, by this revisit to the school ground of my boy-

hood! I can still hear the shouts of my playmates when they were released at playtime or dismissed for the day. We played then with the same avidity that the healthy boys do now, but at very different games. We knew nothing of golf and basket ball, foot ball and base ball; we knew nothing of curved balls and home-runs and umpires, but we shouted ourselves just as hoarse over "base" and "bat" and "antney-over" and "rolly-ho!" and "bull-pen!" and the boy or passer-by who dared to shout "school butter" was surely caught and drenched under the water unless he was tireless and swift as a greyhound.

I have been living the most of my life in the coastal cities, and to be able once more to breathe the invigorating ozone of this pure atmosphere at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the sea is a treat indeed! I have been feasting my eyes upon the still familiar topography of old Cashier's Valley and every hill and mountain that looks down upon it; and the trees—I always loved the trees, and I am glad to find some of them still standing where they did when I, as a boy, played beneath their inviting shade. When God made the trees He designed them as much to please the taste for the beautiful as to afford fruit and shelter for man and beast. There is nothing that appeals more forcibly to my taste for the beautiful in nature than when I see the trees covering the valleys and hills with their plumed and bannered hosts, or climbing the mountain side with their scaling legions. We read of historic trees—the Cedars of Lebanon, the old Elm on Boston Common, the ancient tree in Cambridge, under which Washington drew his sword for the first time at the head of the Continental Army, the old Swiss lime tree, fenced with iron and buttressed with stone, which grew from the staff of the messenger from the battlefield of liberty, who had strength to shout only the one word "Victory" before he died; and the apple tree at Appomattox, under which, on the 9th of April, 1865, we thought, at the time, the wrong sword was surrendered. But the trees that make my heart throb with unusual emotion upon my return, after the lapse of almost a half century, are the old hickory tree that stood before my childhood home, from whose branches Columbus and I were wont to club the nuts of which it always bore a bountiful crop, and that grand old oak monarch of the forest that stood hard by and so often extended its sheltering arms above my head; and on my approach to the old home last Friday, for the first time since I arrived at man's estate, I was delighted to see that the old oak's giant arms were still lifted toward the sky.

Confined to our homes in many distant States by the exigencies of business life, it is seldom we shall have the opportunity to visit the sacred spot where lie the ashes of our ancestors, so we must leave them among the beautiful trees that will stand over them as silent sentinels until the resurrection morn.

It is better to close an address with a smile than with a tear, so our anxiety for this one is somewhat akin to that of Bill Nye toward a product of his own brain when he said: "Go, little booklet, go, Bearing an honored name, Until everywhere that you have went They'll be glad that you have come."

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**CAROLINA WOMEN WANT VOTES.**  
Meeting Held to Secure Ballot for So-called Weaker Sex.

Spartanburg, Aug. 31.—The women of Spartanburg, aroused by the recent political developments in this State, have launched a movement that will result in the organization of a woman suffrage league in this city. A call for a meeting of the women of Spartanburg to consider this movement met with a surprisingly enthusiastic response to-day when more than 50 gathered in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce to talk politics and determine their future course in advocating "votes for women" in South Carolina. The meeting adopted resolutions declaring the political conditions in the State "disgraceful" and adjourned to meet again next Wednesday for a more permanent organization. At this time the names of the women taking the initiative in this movement are withheld at their request.

**BEWARE OF MALARIA.**

Malaria—Chills and Fevers—common complaints among people living in the Southeastern States, can be effectively relieved in the shortest possible time by R. L. T.—Richardson's Laxative Tonic.

This prescription has been used thirty-five years by Dr. Richardson, of Anderson, S. C., in his daily practice as a family physician, and has behind it thousands of testimonials from many prominent South Carolinians and citizens of other neighboring states. R. L. T. is a wonderful corrector of liver troubles and the greatest tonic on the market today. You can absolutely rely on it in any case of chills and fever or malarial poison, constipation or biliousness.

If any member of your family need a tonic that strengthens and builds, go to your druggist today and get a fifty-cent or a dollar bottle of R. L. T., and watch the quick, steady improvement. If your druggist can't supply you write R. L. T. Co., Anderson, S. C.

**R. L. T.**  
**The Best Liver Medicine**  
**THE MOST PERFECT TONIC**  
50c & \$1.00 per Bottle. All Drug Stores.

**ENGINEER KILLED, SEVEN HURT**

Atlanta-Macon Passenger Train Ditched on Southern Railway.

Macon, Ga., Sept. 5.—Engineer C. F. Scribner, of Atlanta, for twenty-two years an engineer on the Southern railway, was killed instantly, and several others were injured, one fatally, when Southern railway passenger train, No. 6, south-bound from Atlanta, was wrecked at Holton, 10 miles north of Macon, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Four of the injured men are from Macon.

**Dead and Injured.**  
Engineer C. F. Scribner, Atlanta, killed outright, and buried in the ground by the engine driving wheel.  
Jim Burden, white fireman, Macon, left leg broken, back sprained and face and head badly cut; probably fatally hurt.

Conductor W. H. Sloan, Macon, face and both hands cut and left leg injured.

A. H. Johnson, flagman, Macon, stomach and chest hurt.

J. W. Cranford, baggage master, Macon, both legs injured, one foot mashed and one hand mangled.

J. C. Mattox, traveling man, Atlanta, legs cut and body bruised, though his injuries are not serious.

Henry C. Walker, negro porter, Atlanta, right leg sprained and lips badly cut.

The ticket collector was also injured, but his name was not learned.

**Engine Jumps Trestle.**

The train was running at a fast rate of speed and was just rounding a curve in the track at the time of the accident. As the engine crossed a small trestle it left the rails and rolled down into a gully by the side of the track. Engineer Scribner was caught beneath the engine and his body was imbedded in the ground by the driving wheel. Jim Burden, the fireman, was also caught under the engine, but was rescued later by passengers.

Antoine Deloria, postmaster at Garden, Mich., knows the exact facts when he speaks of the curative value of Foley Kidney Pills. He says: "From my own experience I recommend Foley Kidney Pills, as a great remedy for kidney trouble. My father was cured of kidney disease and a good many of my neighbors were cured by Foley Kidney Pills."  
J. W. Bell.

**Morse in Business Again.**

New York, Sept. 4.—Predictions that Chas. W. Morse would resume his business operations since his sentence in the Atlanta prison has been commuted by President Taft, were fulfilled to-day when Morse rented a small suite of offices in 43 Exchange Place, in the heart of the financial district. Announcement was made that Morse would again be active in affairs at the head of the Morse Securities Company.

**Foley's  
Kidney  
Pills**

**What They Will Do for You**

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.  
J. W. BELL, WALHALLA.  
Walhalla, S. C.